

Ran fearefully among the trembling Reedes:  
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants,  
Neuer did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,  
Receiue so many, and all willingly:  
Then let him not be slandered with reuolt.

*King*. Thou dost bely him, *Percy*, thou dost bely him,  
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,  
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,  
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth  
Let mee not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from mee,  
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,  
Welicence your departure with your sonne:  
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King*.

*Hot*. And if the diuell come and roare for them,  
I will not send them: I will after straight  
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*Nor*. What? drunk with collier? stay and pause a while  
Here comes your Vnckle.

*Hot*. Speake of *Mortimer*?  
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule  
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:  
Yea on his part, ile empty all those veines,  
And shead my deare blood, drop by drop, ith dust,  
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,  
As high in 'th ayreas this vnthankfull King,  
As this ingrate and cankered *Bullingbrooke*.

*Nor*. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

*Wor*. Who strooke this heat vpast I was gone?

*Hot*. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,  
And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe  
Of my wiues brother, then his checke lookt pale,

And

## Henry the Fourth

And on my face hee turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

*Wor*. I cannot blame him, was not hee proclaym'd  
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

*Nor*. Hee was; I heard the Proclamation,  
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,  
( Whose wrongs in vs God pardon ) did set forth  
Vpon his *Irish* expedition;

From whence hee intercepted, did returne  
To bee depos'd and shortly murdered.

*Wor*. And for whose death, wee in the worlds wide mouth,  
Lies scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.

*Hot*. But soft I pray you, did King *Richard* then  
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,  
Heire to the Crowne?

*Nor*. Hee did, my selfe did heare it.

*Hot*. Nay then I cannot blame his cousin King,  
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.

But shall it bee, that you that set the Crowne  
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,  
And for his sake weare the detested blot  
Of murderous subornation? shall it bee

That you a world of curses vndergoe,  
Being the agents, or base second meanes,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

O pardon, if that I descend so low,  
To shew the line and the predicament,  
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.

Shall it for shame bee spoken in these daies,  
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your Nobility and power  
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,  
( As both of you, God pardon it, haue done )

To put downe *Richard* that sweet lovely Rose,  
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?  
And shall it in more shame bee further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off

By him, from whom these shames ye vnder-went?

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